

BUSTER ^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY and **Giggle** 27th APRIL, 1968

Australia 15 cents New Zealand 10 cents South Africa 10 cents Rhodesia 5/- East Africa 10 cents West Africa 5/- India 10/- Canada 15 cents Philippines 40 cents Denmark Kr 1.50 Denmark Den 30 Sweden Pen 110 New Zealand N 35 Mopie Kr 1.25 Portugal Esc 50 Samoa Pn 100 Georgeia Kr 35 Italia L 120



CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER...

THE SPACE-CREATURE'S CRY ALERTED JIM AND DANNY TO POSSIBLE DANGER!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he took refuge on a small island off the coast. Then the companions saw a fishing village, and in one of the houses they made a startling discovery...



DANNY, THESE AREN'T REAL PEOPLE AT ALL! THEY'RE DUMMIES!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S GOING ON?

QUICKLY, THE TWO BOYS RAN DOWN THE STREET...

IT—IT'S THE SAME IN EVERY HOUSE! LIKE SOME SORT OF WEIRD GHOST TOWN!



THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION, BUT...

JIM BROKE OFF AS TINY GALAXUS SUDDENLY POINTED AHEAD IN ALARM...



GOOOH-UUUH!

WE'VE SEEN SOMETHING, JIM... OUT TO SEA!

AND THERE, JUST VISIBLE ON THE HORIZON...



SHIPS! THREE OF THEM...

I DON'T LIKE IT, DANNY—THEY SEEM TO BE HEADING THIS WAY!

HALF AN HOUR WENT BY. AT LAST, DANNY REALIZED THE GRIM TRUTH...



GOSH, THEY LOOK LIKE NAVAL VESSELS!

YES... JAPANESE DESTROYERS! BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE THEY DOING HERE?

A BARRAGE OF SHELLS THREATENED THE TRAPPED COMPANIONS!

QUITE SUDDENLY THERE WAS A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY AN EAR-SMATTERING EXPLOSION NEARBY...

YAAARN...

BAROOM!

THREE MORE SHELLS ROCKED THE GROUND... AND JIM JONES BECAME AWARE OF THE ROLE OF THE DUMMY FIGURES...

RUN, DANNY, RUN! THE NAVY IS USING THIS VILLAGE FOR TARGET PRACTICE!

THE WHOLE ISLAND IS A NAVAL FIRING RANGE! THE HOUSES AND DUMMIES WERE PUT THERE DELIBERATELY!

T-YOU MEAN, SO THAT THEY COULD FIND OUT WHAT EFFECT THEIR SHELLS WOULD HAVE?

DANNY GASPED...

T-THEN WE HAVEN'T A HOPE? THE DUMMIES' GETTING WORSE EVERY SECOND...

YOU'RE RIGHT! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO MAKE FOR THE MAINLAND AGAIN...

ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US NOW, GALAXUS! GROW TO GIANT SIZE, OLD FRIEND! HURRY!

MUUUUH!

FLIGHTENED THOUGH HE WAS, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE OBEYED AT ONCE...

WELL DONE! HOLD US TIGHT, GALAXUS! NOW JUMP INTO THE SEA AND SWIM FOR IT!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, GALAXUS WAS LEAPING FOR THE WAVES—BUT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LEADING DESTROYER...

LOOK, MY CAPTAIN... OVER THERE!

THE MONSTER! IT... IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE...

QUICKLY ASSESSING THE SITUATION, THE CAPTAIN WHIRLED...



CEASE FIRE!
I WANT ALL GUNS
BROUGHT TO BEAR
ON POINT TWO-NINE-
ZERO. RANGE TWO
THOUSAND! I HAVE
THE MONSTER IN
OUR SIGHTS!

SWIFTLY, THE
MIGHTY GUNS
WHIRLED TO THEIR
NEW TARGET—AND
SECONDS LATER...



UUUU-OOOH!

REACHING THE BEACH,
THE FRIGHTENED TOLL
CREATURE STOOD UP...



OH, NO!
DAMNN, HE'S
TOO SCARED
TO EVEN
RUN!

SO ROOTED
TO THE SPOT...
AND THERE'S
ANOTHER SALVO
ON ITS WAY!

GALAXUS SAW A TINY, WHISTLING
OBJECT STREAK TOWARDS HIM,
AND INSTINCTIVELY HE
REACHED
OUT...



THWACK!

A-AN
UNEXPLODED
SHELL! OH,
CRIKEY... HE'S
CAUGHT IT!

WONDERING WHAT TO DO,
GALAXUS TURNED...



WUUUUU...?

NO, DON'T GIVE
IT TO US! THAT'S A
SHELL—AND IT'S GOING
TO EXPLODE!

BAAAA-
UUUUU!



FRANTICALLY, THE ALARMED SPACE-CREATURE
WHIRLED, TOSSED THE SHELL
WILDLY OVER HIS SHOULDER...



AND NEXT
MOMENT...



BAROOM!

THE SHIP!
HE'S HIT THE
LEADING
SHIP!

WILL GALAXUS'S MISFORTUNE COST MANY LIVES? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

MY ADDRESS:
BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY
CLUB,
1-2 BEAR ALLEY,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, EC4 (Comp.)

Win a RIDE-A-ROO!



It's the latest, greatest action craze! Read below how you can win a Ride-A-Roo, FREE!

YOU'll be the star attraction as you bounce around the neighbourhood striding over these super "bucking broncos"—and I'm giving away FIVE in this week's Club competition, plus awards for 20 runners-up!

WHAT TO DO: The picture on the right shows a cowboy in a typical Western scene. There are several objects beginning with the letter R in the picture. Just find ten—no more, no less—and list them neatly on a postcard with your full name, date of birth, and address. Print "COWBOY" in the top left corner (address side), ask an adult to sign it at your own, unsided work and post to reach the Club not later than Thursday, 2nd May.

This is a "members-only" competition, mind, but this includes newcomers who send in the joining form right away. Ride-A-Roo will be awarded for the first entries, correct entries, age being taken into account, and there are "Surprise" parcels waiting for 20 runners-up!



Hey, Date Spotters ... PICK A PRIZE!

25th OCTOBER, 1960

27th MAY, 1957

15th FEBRUARY, 1958

8th AUGUST, 1959

23rd APRIL, 1964

2nd DECEMBER, 1961

Join here
FREE

LOOK, chums—more award-winning dates on display! Check them all carefully, 'cos if the exact day, month and year of your birth is among them, and provided you joined the Club before Monday, 15th April, you can claim any one of these prizes! Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Pocket Knife.

Print your choice of prize on a postcard, and add your full name, address and date of birth. Now win the award by solving this easy puzzle, just change ONE letter in each of the following words to make four parts of the human head.

CHIP NOTE SOUTH CHEER

List the answers neatly on your postcard, print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 2nd May. Overseas members have until 22nd August. More dates next week!

BERN waiting to join my super Club! Well, now's your chance! Just fill in this form and you can take part in the Club fun immediately by entering the "COWBOY" competition. Post your joining form and entry card in the same envelope!

You receive a member the moment I receive your joining form—no membership cards, no club rules, and best of all—it's FREE! But if you want our smashing Club Badge to wear, fill in the bottom form as well and enclose a shilling postal order. (Overseas readers must send International Reply Coupons, NOT postal orders). If you don't want the badge send the top form only!

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am, or am becoming, a regular reader of your comic. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form before.

MY FULL Name is
MY FULL Address is

I was born on:

DAY OF MONTH (in figures)	MONTH	YEAR
------------------------------	-------	------

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stick 4d. stamp where shown, and enclose with a shilling postal order.

Name

Address

If delivered please send to:
BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farrington Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Stick
4d stamp
here for
return
postage

HURRY...HURRY...HURRY!



There's an ever increasing demand for my popular fun-paper, chums! So make sure of your copy by placing a regular order with your newsagent or bookstall manager for ...

BUSTER
and Giggles 7

FREE!

99 different stamps—including this super Churchill, Montgomery, Alabrooke

Stamps meeting commemorative. Collection also includes forest, etc. Plus to everyone asking to see the famous Sterling Square Best Approvals without obligation. Post and 4d to cover postage. Please fill over parcel.

STERLING Stamp Service
Dept. 884, Lancing, Sussex

DAZED AS HE WAS, NUTTY WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF A SPEEDING CAR!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Natty Slack had beaten two wrestlers known as the Leopard-Men, despite being struck by a drug-coated dart which befuddled his senses. His friend, Clarence Tedworthy, helped him to escape from angry gangsters who had put their money on the Leopard-Men to win. But Natty staggered into the road—straight in front of an oncoming car...

TO THE HORRIFIED CLARENCE, IT SEEMED CERTAIN THAT THE GANGSTERS WERE ABOUT TO TAKE A GRIM REVENGE...

I DON'T KNOW, WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUT IT WILL... STUNKE ME IN... MINUTE!

NUTTY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE IS... THE GANGSTERS WILL RUN HIM DOWN!

AUT. AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND, THE HURTLING LIMOUSINE SCRIBBLED TO A HALT!

SLIPPER, ROAD-RODS! GOOD JOB, JIM STILL ON THE... PAVEMENT!

SCREEEE

IT'S NUTTY! ALL RIGHT! WE'VE FOUND HIM AT LAST, FELLERS!

VRROOOOOOM!

CLARENCE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED THE MEN WHO LEAPT FROM THE CAR...

GREAT SCOTTY! IT'S MR. T. GREENBACHER AND HIS FRIENDS — THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES WHO BROUGHT US TO NEW YORK ON THEIR LUXURY PLEASURE YACHT!

HEY, NUTTY! AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE US, OLD SON?

IT WAS THEN THAT THE GENTLE GRAPPLER FINALLY COLLAPSED...

AAAAUUUUUHH!

SOMEHOW, THE AMERICAN STRUGGLED OUT FROM BENEATH NUTTY'S STILL FRAME...

TARNATION! THE POOR GUY SEEMS TO HAVE FAINTED! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM, CLARENCE?

THWUMP!

GLAAAARG!

OH, DEAR!

ER... LACK OF PROPER FOOD AND NOURISHMENT! I'M AFRAID, GENTLEMEN!

CLARENCE DECIDED NOT TO MENTION THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH THE GANGSTERS...



IN FACT, NEITHER OF US HAS HAD A PROPER MEAL FOR DAYS... NOT SINCE WE WERE SCORBED OF THAT MONEY YOU GAVE US!

WELL... THAT'S TOUGH!

WE'D BETTER GET NUTTY TO A DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT WITH, BUNNY GO-DOFF? IT'LL TAKE A RAUCOUS CRANE TO MOVE HIM!



OHAY, YOU GUYS... BREAK IT UP!



THAT BLOW ON HIS TENDER CORNS REVIVED MUTTY MUCH QUICKER THAN ANY DOCTOR COULD HAVE DONE...



THE DAILY AMAZEMENT BEGAN AS THEIR JOURNEY ENDED OUTSIDE A MAGNIFICENT NEW YORK RESIDENCE...



MUTTY SLACK - FILM STAR! SEE HIM IN ACTION NEXT WEEK, PALS - IT'S SENSATIONAL!

FISHBOY WAS IMPRISONED... WITHIN THE WEBBING OF A NET!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Stowing away on an aircraft which crash-landed near Venice, Fishboy dived for safety into the city's lagoon. But he became entangled in a fishing net...



THE GRAYFISH WERE DIVING WENT TO AN ALARM CALL! TOO LATE, FISHBODY REALIZED WHY THEY WERE TRYING TO WARN HIM...



WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE, THE FISHERMAN HULLED THE YOUNGESTER ON THE DECK...



FISHBODY FELL HEAVILY...AND FOUND HIMSELF AMONG FRIENDS...



ALL KINDS OF FISH SWARMED NEARBY IN THE DARKNESS OF THE HOLDS...



AND THEN, QUITE NEAR TO HIM, FISHBODY NOTICED SOMETHING...



AN ELECTRIC EEL SLID FROM THE PILE OF FISH...



WHAT IS FISHBODY'S PLAN? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT THRILL-FILLED EPISODE!

MEET SAILOR 'FLETCHER' WORM — HE CAUSES HIS CAPTAIN TO KEEL OVER!

Wonder Worm



GO WEST WITH A BRAVE WORM NEXT WEEK ... AND HIT THE LAUGHTER TRAIL!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of *Charlie* *Peace*



ONE AFTERNOON, CHARLIE SETTLED HIMSELF IN HIS FAVOURITE ARMCHAIR FOR A REST. BUT SUDDENLY...



Charlie Peace, arch-criminal of Victorian London, had been tricked into entering a time-machine which had transported him forward to the present day. He found his old hide-out unchanged and decided to continue his notorious career of crime in the new age...

AS IT HAPPENED, FURNITURE REMOVERS WERE AT WORK IN A NEARBY STREET...

THIS ARMCHAIR'S THE LAST PIECE, BERT. WE CAN DRIVE TO THE NEW ADDRESS NOW...



PEACE PEDALLED FURIOUSLY... AND TO HIS ASTONISHMENT THE MACHINE BURST FORWARD. IT WASN'T AN ORDINARY BICYCLE AT ALL...

YEEHAW! NO WONDER I'M ALMOST FLYING! THERE'S A PERISHIN' ENGINE ON THE BACK!



CHARLIE GOT OFF, ALL RIGHT - BUT NOT IN THE MANNER HE WOULD HAVE LIKED...



EVEN AS THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN SNOOK OFF THE EFFECTS OF HIS CRASH, HE SAW A WAY TO TURN THE SITUATION TO HIS ADVANTAGE. AN AGONIZING CRY RANG FROM HIS LIPS...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF







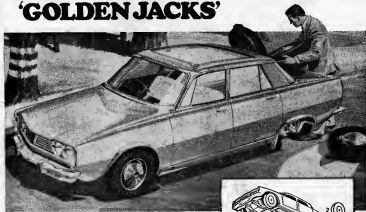
CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



CORGI TOYS EXCLUSIVE!

'TAKE-OFF' WHEELS and four built-in **'GOLDEN JACKS'**



ROVER 2000 T.C. Here it is—the second Corgi model with 'Golden Jacks' and interchangeable wheels. (You've already got the Mini Marcos, of course!) And with this great model you'll find a spare wheel neatly housed on the boot. Other super details include a Triplex sunroof, jewelled headlights, suspension, plated trim and authentic Rover wheel-hubs.
No. 275 Length 32"



Just lower the appropriate jack to support the chassis and slip the wheel on or off.

You will also want some spare interchangeable wheels, too. The following sets are now available:
No. 1261 Pack of 12 Rover wheels Price 2/- or individually at 2d each. No. 1391 Pack of 12 Mini Marcos wheels Price 2/- or individually at 2d each.



**ALSO
NEW**

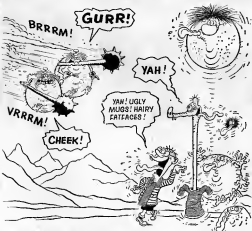
POLICE PANDA 1MP

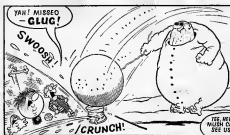
Crewed by two policemen, this model features blue beacon, jewelled headlights, remote controlled folding rear seat and opening rear window. And, as with every Corgi model, super authenticity!
No. 506 Length 31"

 **CORGI TOYS**

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy agent of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), and his strange pals had recovered an urn of invisibiliser liquid, together with the secret formula, from the yells of C.A.U.S.H. (Crazy Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). Then came a chance to make good their escape ...





WHAT A CARRY-ON! -AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THIS TALE DOES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THIS STORY CAPS EVERYTHING... BANK ON T-T TO STEAL THE LAUGHS!



TEACHER



NEXT WEEK, THE HOLIDAY ABROAD BEGINS WITH A BOAT TRIP! OCEANS OF FUN, PALS!

THE BUGGIES KEEP UP THEIR WINNING WAYS—AGAINST SOME PIGEONS!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



A CAT CREEPS IN TO GET FREDDY'S FEATHERED FRIENDS IN A FLAP NEXT MONDAY!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon by uttering certain key words. Micky's scientist father found that five eggs, discovered by a friend of his in South America, might hatch out into baby prehistoric monsters. Whilst on their way to warn the man, the Marvels' auto-bus was attacked by two mysterious jet-fighters...



HERE COMES THE FIRST ONE, MICKY! GET READY TO OPEN FIRE AS SOON AS I GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL!

OKAY, DAD!



MICKY HAD ALREADY UTTERED THE COGNOMEN WHICH TRANSFORMED THE MULTI-GUN INTO A SUPER-POWERED WEAPON. EVEN AS ONE MONSTER REVEALED THE AUTO-BUS AND A STREET, REMAINING TOWN...

BRR-ACK! THAKKA-THAKKA-THAKKA!

NOW!



THE FIRST OF THE ATTACKING JET-FIGHTER GOT TOO CLOSE OF HIS LIPS AND ARMOUR-PIERCING BULLETS SMASHED INTO HIS COCKPIT...



WELL DONE, MICKY! YOU DESTROYED HIM SO MICKY, HIS FIRST SALVO HITTED US COMPLETELY!

THAT'S THE FIRST BOUND TO GO, DAD!



BUT THE PILOT OF THE OTHER PLANE HAD SPOTTED THE BARREL-FLASH OF THE MULTI-GUN. HE IMMEDIATELY INFORMED HIS FELLOW FIGHTER...

IT SEEMS THEY HAVE SOME POWER WEAPONS MOUNTED IN THE TURRET. EVEN ONE? I WILL OPEN ITS FIRE, WHILE YOU GO IN AND FIGHTER THEM OFF!

UNDERSTOOD, JIMMY TWO!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

THERE'RE ATTACKERS FROM TWO DIRECTIONS AT ONCE, MICKY! LET'S HOPE YOU CAN PULL SOMETHING OUT OF THE BAG WITH THAT GUN OF YOURS!

...I'LL TRY ONE OF THE MINEFIRE, DAD!



"THE DOUBLE-BOMB... SO AS LONG AS MY AIRCRAFT COMMAND 'GOODNESS' SHOWS HOW IT BEHAVE, BUILT, BUT IT MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE!"



Continued on page 10

NEXT SECOND...



YESHOWN!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE WHOLE SKY
SEEMS TO BE
EXPLODING!

THE FLYING JET PLANE
FLEW STRAIGHT INTO
FERRIC CYCLES OF SOUND!

THE PLANE'S VIBRATIONS
WERE CATCHING A SQUAD
MARKET OF SOUND ARE
AN ENEMIES IF TO
P-P-PIECES!



WHY-HUH?
DON'T FORGET
TO TELL THE
RECORD
MASTER!

SOON, ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE DEADLY ATTACK
WAS A PAIR OF DRIFTING PARACHUTES...



TOPPER! IF ONLY THOSE
JUNKIES KNEW THAT
THEY'D BEEN SHOT DOWN
BY A TOY GUY!

IT
WAS GREAT
THEATRE, JACK!
BUT NOW! WHEN
THEY GOING AROUND
THESE PARTS...AND
WHY IS THE JUNK
SO ANGRY TO
STOP US FROM
REACHING THE
AMAZON?



PERHAPS HE RECEIVED OUR
MESSAGE TO HIS DEARMA,
ABOUT THE GRANT FIVE?
MAYBE ZINN IS AFTER
THEM, TOO, DAD!

IF SO, THEN
WE'VE NO TIME
TO LOSE! WE'VE
BETTER HEAD
FORWARD FOR
FRANK BISHOP'S
CAMP!

SOME TIME LATER,
AN ARMY JET
FLEW IN LOW ACROSS
THE GREAT
AMAZONIAN RAIN-
FORESTS...

OOSE
DAD...LOOK
AT THAT
SMOKE! THERE
SEEMS TO BE
A FIRE DOWN
THERE!



I...I THINK IT'S
COMING FROM FRANK
BISHOP'S CAMP...
BUT...IT'S THERE!
BURN AN ACCIDENT!



...OR DO ZINN
HAS GOT THREE
ARMIES OF US AND
STOLEN AWAY
FROM THE MONSTERS!

WILL ADRIAN MARVEL BE PROVED RIGHT? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

"MATCHBOX" tell you about cars



This Cadillac was one of the first cars with an electric starter!

Cadillac of Detroit U.S.A. were the first car manufacturers to put electric starters in their cars in 1912. Before this a starting handle you turned by hand was used. Cadillacs were fine cars in every way. In 1913 they produced the first car with a V8 engine—a very good engine even today. Cadillacs were to become the best cars in America. They were in great demand and were renowned for extremely high quality workmanship, and cost less than a comparable Ford. Later on millionaires had Cadillacs made to their requirements, but this 2-seater runabout is very different from the big ones we see today. It's compact and smart with shiny coach lamps and plush red seats. You can get a super little Matchbox model of this 1913 Cadillac for just 5/6d from your Matchbox Shop.



Y-6 Cadillac—Price 5/6 Shiny old car with coach lamps, spare wheel and hood.

M826 GMC Tipper Truck—Price 2/3 Super Tipper with engine under the cab and a back that really tips!

1988 New Matchbox Collector's Catalogue 3d from your Matchbox Shop! or send a 4d stamp to Dept. A.J.



LESLIE PRODUCTS & CO. LTD., Lee Conservation Road, London, E.9.

"MATCHBOX"

JOIN THE OVALTINERS CLUB SECRET AGENT COMPETITION



You've seen Secret Agent stories on TV and read about their exciting lives—but have you ever written a Secret Agent adventure story? Here's a chance to win a Secret Agent story and win a super prize. Finish this story in not more than 500 words and send it to The Ovaltiners Club Secret Agent Story Competition, 88, Park Lane, London W1.

NOW! Outspies finish this story. Secret Agent O.V. and his assistant Tina agree their split second timing was vital if their mission was to succeed. While Tina was photographing the secret formula in Professor von Zerk's laboratory, O.V. must set the explosive charges that would destroy the road around a plane to escape the world with his cargo of rubies. Secretly O.V. and Tina moved towards the door of von Zerk's laboratory. O.V. began work on the bomb while Tina kept watch. The bomb glowed and the door swung open. Suddenly the lights

blazed on. Facing them was Prof. von Zerk, smiling and proud. "You've got my friends! Welcome to my laboratory!" (Finish the story in not more than 500 words.)

The competition will be judged in three age groups: 7 and under, 8 to 11, 12 and over. Print your name, address and age clearly at the top of your entry. Entries will be awarded to the writer, which is the opinion of the judges and is considered final in each age group. We'll select a winner in each age group. Winner a super prize. 2nd prize in each age group.

ES Freedom Fund. 100 entries in each age group will win a Secret Agent Identity Message Pen. This Secret Agent Competition is open only to Ovaltiners Club members. Are you a member yet? If not complete the registration form and send it with your entry. Competition entries must be received by May 31st and entries must be sealed. The judges' decision is final. Full rules and list of winners available at The Ovaltiners Club, 88, Park Lane, London W1.

SECRET AGENT PEN

The Famous Secret Agent

For every boy and girl

who can write the hidden message

when you know the secret

Send for your Secret Agent Pen today!

Please write to CAPITAL letters. Please send me a Secret Agent Identity Message Pen, I enclose a postal code for 2/- and a label from a tin of Ovaltine.

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

How to join the Ovaltiners Club

Fill in the coupon and enclose a postal code for 2/6d plus a label from any tin of Ovaltine. Within days you will receive The Ovaltiners Club Badge, Member's Wallet, Membership Card, details of the Ovaltiners Photostamp offer

To: The Ovaltiners Club, 88, Park Lane, London, W1. I wish to join the Ovaltiners Club. I enclose a 2/6d postal order made out to "The Ovaltiners Club" plus an Ovaltine label. (Please write in CAPITAL letters.)

FIRST NAME

ADDRESS

SURNAME

DATE OF BIRTH

POSTCODE



The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, were in Italy where they used a borrowed car to enter a special race. Prizes of five hundred pounds for the winner and one hundred for the fastest lap had been offered by Sir Richard Standish. Simon fought for the lead with a rival.

ON THE FINISHING STRAIGHT...



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE CHALLENGER PLUGS AWAY...



BUT THEY WERE BOTH WINNING...



I STEER...



NEXT DAY...



A WEEK PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND EVERYTHING SEEMED JUST ROUTINE...



RIGHT, I'LL MAKE MYSELF LOOKIN' TIDY, AND PREPARE SOME BEERS... HOW ABOUT SANGUINE AND MASH?



BUT ON OPENING THE LARDER,
SIMON GOT A SURPRISE...



OH, NO!
WE'RE OUT OF FOOD!
I'LL HAVE TO WALK ALL
THE WAY TO THE VILLAGE!

NO, I WON'T WALK... I'LL BORROW
NEARBY'S MOPED! IT SHOULD BE
IN GOOD SHAPE IF HE'S FIXED
UP THE ENGINE...



HE BUZZED AWAY FROM THE GARAGE UNNOTICED...



HUMMM! SMOOTH AS SILK
AND SILENT AS A BUTTERFLY!
TRUST OLD SANDRIS TO
HAND A GOOD JOB ON
ANY ENGINE!



I WONDER HOW
FAST IT GOES! THE WAY
SANDRIS THINS AN ENGINE
IT SHOULD DO TWENTY-FIVE
MILES AN HOUR EASILY...

SIMON OPENED THE THROTTLE WIDE...



SOMEONE
CAMELITTERS!
WHAT'S HE DONE
TO IT?

BBBBBBBBBBBBBB

FASTER DOWN THE ROAD...



FORGET!
YOU MUST BE GOING
SLOW... A MAN ON A
BICYCLE... JUST
PASSED YOU!

OH! DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
I'M DOING
SIXTY!

SIMON FINALLY FLEW INTO THE VILLAGE...



GET TO SLOW DOWN... BUT THE
BRAKES HAVE SLIPPED OUT!
THEY NEEDN'T HAVE TO
WORK AT THIS
SPEED!



GEE, YOU MENACE...
I'LL SUE THE LAW
ON YOU!

OH, LOOK AT THAT
BACE MAN... IT'S
SECOND-GRADER!

WELL, DON'T ASK ME TO SAY YOU
GEE... YOU'VE GOTTEN ENOUGH
ON YOUR SPEEDSTER!

OUT THE
WAY... CAN'T
STOP!

CAN NOTHING HALT THE RUNAWAY MOPED? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S ALL-ACTION EPISODE!

PERIL FROM BELOW

During all drilling operations in the Welsh hills, led by Dr. Dick Rivers, huge insects emerged from the depths and began terrorizing the countryside. Dick believed that the ultra-violet rays of the sun were fatal to the giant creatures, so he assembled a ray device to combat the menace and flew to the peril-stricken London area...



HECK! WE'LL HAVE A JOE SPOTTING LONDON AT THIS RATE. LET ALONG ANY CREATURES!

THE WEATHER WORSENING AS THE BIG FIGHTER BLAZED ITS WAY TOWARDS LONDON, HEAVY RAIN BEAT DOWN ON THE COCKPIT CANOPY AND LOW CLOUDS OBSCURED THE VIEW OF DR. DICK RIVERS AND THE PILOT.

ISNT THAT LONDON AIRPORT DOWN THERE? WE CANT BE FAR FROM HAMMERSMITH!

MEANWHILE, MAYOR BEISMEN IN HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY...

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, AFTER LOSING THEMSELVES IN THE CLOUDS, DICK RIVERS AND THE PILOT ARRIVED OVER THE SCENE...

BY GLORY! THERE'S AT LEAST A DOZEN DOWN THERE! CAN YOU LINE US UP FOR A SHOT ON THEM?

SURE, DOC! I'LL TRY A LONG LOW SWALLOW DIVE ON 'EM!

USUALLY AN AIRCRAFT OF THAT SIZE FLYING SO LOW OVER HAMMERSMITH WOULD HAVE CAUSED HEARS TO BE RAISED, BUT NOBODY SAID TO LOOK UP IN THEIR RAINC...

TAKE COVER! I HEAR AN AIRCRAFT! THERE MIGHT BE SOME SHOOTING!

AS THE FIGHTER TURNED THE DOME DOORS WERE OPENED AND A STRANGE BATTERY OF LAMPS CAME INTO VIEW...

LAMPS! LOWERED! READY WHEN YOU ARE!

OKAY, DOC - HERE GOES! GOOD LUCK TO YOUR GADGET!

AND AS THE BIG AIRCRAFT THUNDERED OVER THE ROOF-TOPS A GREAT BEAM OF ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT STABBED THROUGH THE RAIN.

LAMPS ON!

BELOW THE BIG CREATURES BEARED UP AS THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE GLARE.

IS IT WORKING P?

HARD TO SAY, DOC!

A MOMENT LATER THE JAYCEAN WAS PLUMBING AWAY ITS POWERFUL ENGINES SHAKING THE BUILDINGS BELOW.

DAMN THIS WEATHER! CAN'T SEE A THING BACK THERE!

AND AS THE JAYCEAN RETURNED TO EARNBOROUGH, PEOPLE AT WIMBOROUGH WERE STARRING WITH JAW DOWN AT THE WET ROAD.

IT'S REALLY CLAMPING DOWN! GORY, DOC - WE'D BETTER GET BACK!

IT'S THOSE CREATURES ALL RIGHT! BUT THEY'RE SHRUNK AND THEY'RE DEAD!

AND WHEN DICK RIVERS ARRIVED BACK AT EARNBOROUGH...

YAHOO! YOU'RE DONE IS, DICK! THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS FINISHED 'EM OFF AS QUICK AS A FLASH!

CONGRATULATIONS, DOC!

IT'S THE ANSWER, ALL RIGHT. WHITHAM HAS ISSUED A PRIORITY ORDER TO MAKE HUNDREDS OF LAMPS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! YOU'RE A SET OF A HERO NOW, OLD BOY!

AND THAT MIGHT BE ON TELEVISION.

THANKS TO THIS BRILLIANT SCIENTIST'S DISCOVERY, ENGLAND WILL SOON BE FREE OF THE PERIL. NOW COME TO ME, MR. XTO WHO IS WITH AN ARMY UNIT FITTED WITH ONE OF THE NEW WEAPONS!

AND YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO SEE AN ULTRA-VIOLET BATTERY GO INTO ACTION! MY GOODNESS, IT HAD TO BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED!

THANKS TO DR RIVERS, WE'RE BEING MUCH HAPPIER IN OUR BOST! WE TRIED TO CONTACT THE HERO OF THE HOUR BUT HUNDREDS OF THUNDERBOLTS LIT THE LIME LIGHT AND SOME TO GROUND SOMEWHERE!

WHICH INDEED DICK RIVERS HAD.

BEATING THEM ABOVE GROUND ISN'T THE ANSWER! EDD EVERY HUNDRED THAT APPEAR THERE MAY BE A THOUSAND WAITING BELOW!

YOU MEAN GO DOWN INTO THE TUNNELS AND FIGHT THEM THERE?

THAT'S RIGHT, GUY!

CAN THE SCIENTIST SUCCEED IN HIS MAMMOTH TASK? READ NEXT WEEK'S ACTION-PACKED CONTINUATION!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS



CHARM
BRACELET

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THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
BRIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

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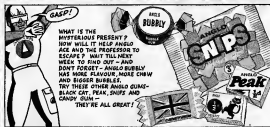
MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

1.
2.
3.
4. I am the gift I choose it.

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD



This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo



ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

BESIDES BOASTING THAT HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE TO SAIL THE CARIBBEAN SEA, PATCH-EYE HOOKER ALSO CLAIMED THAT NO SHIP HE PURSUED EVER ESCAPED. BUT ONE DAY IT SEEMED TO CAPTAIN BOB WILL BARBER THAT THE CAPTAIN WAS GOING TO BE PROVED WRONG ON THE SECOND COUNT...

A SMALL SPANISH SHIP SHOWN A REMARKABLE TURN OF SPEED...



SHE GOT LIKE THE WIND, CAP'N!

SO WOULD YOU, LAD, IF YOU KNEW PATCH-EYE HOOKER WAS ON YOUR TAIL!

BUT HOW DO THEY KNOW IT IS YOU AND NOT SOME OTHER PIRATE, CAP'N?

HAVE A PRAP AT OUR JOLLY ADGER, YOUNG WILL!



NOW WHO COULD FAIL TO RECOGNISE THAT, LAD?

THEY'RE JOTTING ON MORE SAIL! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW, CAP'N!



HEH, HEH! WHISKEY BELOW AND GET MY PISTOLS, LAD! I'LL BE BOARDING HER VERY SOONER, I PROMISE YOU!

AND AS WILL RETURNED ON DECK HE LOOKED AS-DEE TO THE SPANISH SHIP...

BY GLOBE! SHE TEND TO CLIMB ON SO HIGH SAIL THAT SHE'S BIL-MACTED HERSELF!



HEH, HEH! I KNEW SHE WOULD!



STAND BY BOARDING PARTY! WE'LL ENLIGHTEN THE CRAFT OF LOGS, THEN SINK THE MULL!

WAIT, CAP'N! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU PROMISED TORIS JASON!

YOU SAID YOU WOULD FETCH HIM THE MULL OF A STRICKEN SHIP! SOMETHING SO THAT HE COULD COMPLETE HIS MOST CHERISHED INVENTION!



AH—SO I DID, WILL! AS SOON AS WE'VE CLEARED HER OUT WE'LL TAKE HER IN TOW!



BUT THEY HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE DETERMINATION OF THE SPANISH CAPTAIN ...

ONLY OVER MY DEAD BODY WILL YOU TAKE MY SHIP!

HEAR WHAT THE MAN SAID, WILL YOU? YOU WANT HIS SHIP... SO YOU FIGHT HIM FOR IT! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED FROM WATCHING ME IN ACTION!



THE SPANISH WAS AN EXPERT, NOT WILL STUCK GOGGLED TO HIS TASK ...

T-THINGS I DO FOR TORIAS!

YOU HAVE COURAGE, BOY! BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU!



SURPRIS... HELLO! WHO DO WE HAVE HERE?

STOP! CAPTAIN! IF YOU HARM THAT BOY I WILL NEVER AGAIN SEE MY DAUGHTER ALIVE!



THESE PIRATES ARE AS THICK AS THIEVES! THE ONE-LEGGED ONE WILL SLAY MY DAUGHTER FOR SURE IF YOU HARM ONE OF HIS KIND! SURRENDER YOUR SWORD!

ONE-LEGGED ONE! HE MUST MEAN THAT SCUM PEG-LEG PALMER!



DON'T EVER LIKEN ME TO THAT WICKLESS SCUM—OR I'LL FEED YOU TO THE SHARKS! NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?

I APOLOGISE! PLEASE SPARE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU!



THEN DON ESTOVAL, LATE GOVERNOR OF THE PORT OF SKRONT, ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN MAINLAND TOLD HIS STORY...

SEVEN WEEKS AGO, AS WE WERE RETURNING TO SPAIN, WE WERE OVERPOWERED BY THIS ONE-LEGGED PIRATE! BUT FOR THE MAP, HE WOULD HAVE FINISHED US ALL THERE AND THEN!

THE MAP OF AN OLD INDIAN CITY WHICH IS SAID TO BE BUILT OF GOLD! BEING TOO OLD TO SEARCH FOR IT MYSELF I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT TO MY SON... BUT! HAD TO HURTER IT FOR OUR LIVES TO THE ONE-LEGGED ONE!

MAP? WHAT MAP?



WE TOOK MY DAUGHTER AS HOSTAGE IN CASE THE MAP PROVED TO BE FAKE! WE WERE RETURNING TO SKRONT NOTHING TO BE IN TIME TO RESCUE HER, BUT, ALAS, NOW IT WILL BE TOO LATE!



IT WILL BE IF WE HANG ABOUT HERE! BUT WE'RE NOT!



YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO DANGTE TO RESCUE HIS DAUGHTER, CAP'TN?

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT DANGTE ANYMORE? I'M GOING AFTER PEG-LEG PALMER AND THAT GOLD! LOOK AFTER OUR ISLAND WHILST I'M GONE, WILL I? DON'T LET THAT OLD JIDY FLAGON BLOW IT UP!



AREN'T I COMING WITH YOU, CAPT?

THIS MEAN WON'T SAIL USELY TO THE ISLAND, BOY! I'M TAKING THE SPANISH CAPTAIN WITH ME, SO YOU'LL TAKE COMMAND OF HIS CREW! DON'T LET ME DOWN!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE





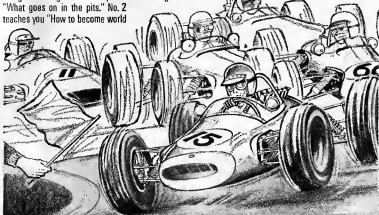
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champion" and No. 3 describes "Driving a Grand Prix car."

You'll find all four guides on the back of Crispy Wheat packets. They come straight to you from Jim Clark, the British driver who has won more Grand Prix races than any other man in history. Start collecting now!





TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

The President's Twin

TOM ARTO was in his office busy playing "Snakes and Ladders" with his cat. He was feeling very pleased because he had beaten the cat twice, having dashed up two ladders while the cat soaked under the sofa after a mouse.

Suddenly, the door opened and Tom's new aide entered.

"Urgent message, sir," he said. "The President of Lumbago wants your assistance."

"I haven't got any sisters," replied Tom. "Neither has he," went on Tom's assistant.

"But he's got a brother."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Tom.

"He and his brother are like two peas," came the reply.

"You mean they're both green?" asked Tom.

"No, sir, they are both the same."

"The same as what?"

"The same as two peas."

"Just a minute," said Tom. "Are we talking about blokes or vegetables?"

"Blokes, sir, Chap."

"Well, what about 'em?" asked Tom.

"They're twins, sir. You can't tell 'em apart because they're so alike."

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked Tom.

"The president is alarmed of the fact that his brother is a burglar," said the assistant, and his brother is jealous of his twin being president. The burglar one keeps riding round all day pretending to be president and getting the cheers. When the real president goes out, nothing happens."

"They think he's the burglar, eh?" said Tom.

"No, sir. They think he's the same bloke coming round a second time, and, as they've already cheered once, they don't feel like doing it again. They don't know there are two of 'em. The president has kept it quiet on account of his brother's profession."

"He should be glad," said Tom. "It saves him a lot of work."

"Something must be done, sir," said the assistant. "Otherwise the president might in well leave his job and become a burglar like his brother. Then there's always the danger that they might rob the same house and the police might think they've caught the same man twice."

"Pack my bag at once!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, sir," said the assistant, departing. Tom and the cat returned to their game, and the poor moggie lost eight lives when he saw the state of the board.

Tom went easily and drank the cat's milk.

The next week, Tom arrived in Lumbago and met the president. Tom eyed him with interest.

"My assistant has misled me," he said. "He told me you were like a pea. A pea is small, round and green. You are large, oblong and pink in colour."

"It's my brother that's like a pea," explained the president. "I'm like him."

"Ah, that explains it, I suppose," said Tom.

"Now what can I do for you?"

"My brother impersonates me. They all think he's the president. I can't go out to do anything without finding that he has already done it. Can you help?"

"Yes, I think so," said Tom. "There's only one thing for it. One of you must be altered."

"I mainly be altered. The people all know me and what I look like. They've got used to me."

Tom laughed.

"Isn't it marvelous what they can get used to?" he said. "Where will your brother be now?"

"Well, today I am wearing a moustache to a man who has attached moustaches to him. It's a thousand to one my brother will get them first and do the job before I have a chance."

"Leave it to me," said Tom. "I'll fix him!"

So saying, Tom went along to the unveiling ceremony and, sure enough, there was a man there who looked exactly like the president, pulling a piece of string and making a speech.

When the excitement had died down, Tom approached the burglar.

"I know you," he said.

"Everybody does," said the other, with a smile.

"Everybody doesn't," snapped Tom. "They think you are the president."

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Tom, choosing his words carefully, "you are nothing like him."

"What? Impossible!"

"Didn't you know," said Tom "that your brother has grown whiskers?"

"It's a trick to stop his looking like me!" burst out the impostor. "Very well, I'll grow whiskers, too!"

"You can't—not like his whiskers," said Tom.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Because his whiskers are purple. Nobody else has got 'em that colour."

"Where can I get some?" pleaded the twin.

"I am the only one who has the seeds," said Tom. "I've just fixed your brother's face."

"Fix mine."

"Very well," said Tom.

They went to the burglar's house and Tom got to work.

And that is why the president is now as popular as ever.

His brother dare not come out in public because, thanks to Tom's activities, instead of growing purple whiskers as he had expected, he has sprouted grass around his chin.

Nowadays, instead of visiting a barber for a trim, he calls in a gardener. No wonder he's "famous."

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in next week's "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!) *****

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